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Hummel, and his Works.

Johann Nepomuk Hummel, the great composer and pianist, was born at Presburg on the 14th of November, 1778, where his father was music master in the military school of Wartberg. At the age of four he learned to play the violin, but without evincing a decided bias for music. The next year he began to take lessons in singing and on the piano; from that time his faculties were rapidly developed: in a single year he acquired remarkable skill for a child. At this period, his father removed with him to Vienna, and became *chef-d' orchestre* in Schikaneder's theatre, when the little Hummel, scarcely seven years old, attracted the attention of Mozart and the other distinguished artists. Mozart, in spite of his repugnance to giving lessons, offered to take charge of the boy's musical education, provided he would live with him, and be always near him. Of course the proposition was gratefully accepted. With such a master, the boy made prodigious progress in two years. At nine, he excited the admiration of all who heard him.

His father then thought to turn his precocious talent to account, and they travelled together through Germany, Denmark, Scotland. His first public appearance was in a concert at Dresden, 1787; next he played before the court at Cassel. At Edinburgh the child pianist created great enthusiasm; there he published his first work, a theme with variations, dedicated to the Queen of England. After spending the years 1791 and 1792 in London, he visited Holland, and returned to Vienna after six years' absence.

He was then fifteen years old, and his execution could already be considered the most correct and brilliant of the German school; meanwhile his studies became more serious than before. His father, who was excessively severe, exacted incessant labor from him; and when he had become a man and famous artist, he was still subject to his will. At Vienna he studied harmony, accompaniment and counterpoint with Albrechtsberger, and formed a friendship with Salieri, who gave him useful hints about singing and the dramatic style. In 1803 he entered the service of Prince Esterhazy, and composed his first mass, which won the approbation of Haydn. About the same time, he wrote ballets and operas for the theatres of Vienna, which were favorably received. Hummel was now twenty-eight years old; his works, especially his instrumental music, and his fine talent for execution, had rendered him famous in Germany; but his name was absolutely unknown in France, until the year 1806, when Cherubini carried home from Vienna his grand fantasia in E flat, (Op. 18,) which was executed at the *concours* of the Conservatory that same year, and, although only understood by artists, it so raised his reputation in Paris that all the pianists sought his works.

In 1811 Hummel left the service of Prince Esterhazy, and until 1816 had no other employment than that of professor of the piano, at Vienna. Then for four years he held the place of chapelmaster to the King of Wurtemburg, and then entered the service of the Grand Duke of Weimar, in the same capacity. Two years afterwards he obtained leave of absence to make a pedestrian tour in Russia. St. Petersburg and Moscow gave him the most brilliant reception. In 1823 he went through Holland and Belgium, and finally to Paris, where his success was worthy of his talent. His improvisations on the piano excited the liveliest admiration. Returning to Weimar, he did not leave that place until 1827, when he heard of the approaching end of Beethoven, between whom and himself there had been some unpleasant differences. He hastened to the bedside of the dying artist, and could not repress his tears; Beethoven reached out his hand to him, they embraced, and all was forgotten.

Two years afterwards Hummel again visited Paris and London; but his playing did not produce the same sensation as before; pianists noticed the approach of age and a certain timidity of execution in his performance. After a journey to Poland, he passed the remainder of his days peacefully at Weimar. He died on the 17th of October, 1827, at the age of fifty-nine.

Hummel was equally distinguished as a performer, (on the piano,) an improvisator, and a composer. In execution, continuing the mixed school of Mozart, improved by the regular principles of mechanism which he learned of Clementi during his two years in London, he became himself the founder of a new German school, in which many celebrated artists have been formed. The epoch of Hummel among the German pianists was a real epoch of progress and of transformation. Greater difficulties have been conquered, greater power and severity of tone have been produced in piano playing since his time; but no one has gone beyond him in purity, regularity, and correctness of execution, in raciness of touch, in coloring and expression. His execution was less the result of a desire to display prodigious skill, than the attempt to express a thought continually musical. This thought, always complete, manifested itself under his hands with all the advantages of grace, delicacy, depth, and expression.

In his improvisations, Hummel had such power of fixing and giving regular form to his fugitive ideas and inspirations, that he seemed to be executing premeditated compositions. And yet there was nothing cold or mechanical about it; the ideas were so felicitous, the manner so charming, the details so elegant, that his audience was lost in admiration.

Hummel's very remarkable productions, especially in the sphere of instrumental composition, have placed him in the first rank of distinguished composers of the nineteenth century; doubtless, his fame would have been still greater, had he not been the contemporary of Beethoven. The general opinion has hardly estimated his best works highly enough. His great septuor in D minor, (Op. 74;) his quintet for piano, (Op. 87;) his concerto in A minor, (Op. 85,) in B minor, (Op.

89,) in E major, (Op. 110,) and in A flat, (Op. 113;) some of his trios for piano, violin, and violoncello; and the grand sonata for piano with four hands, (Op. 92,) are works of a finished beauty, where all the qualities of the art of writing are united with noble or with elegant and graceful thoughts. But these qualities, beautiful and estimable as they are, cannot compete against those outbursts of genius, those original and overpowering conceptions of Beethoven. A fine composition of Hummel leaves in the mind the idea of perfection; but the pleasure which it causes never amounts to frenzy. Had Beethoven come a quarter of a century later, he would have left to Hummel the undisputed glory of being the first instrumental composer of his age. In the dramatic style and in church music, Hummel also holds a high rank, though his works in these departments are not marked by any very distinctive quality.

The works of this celebrated artist may be classed as follows:—

I. *Dramatic Music.*—1. "*Le Vicende d' Amore,*" opera buffa in two acts. 2. "*Mathilde de Guise,*" opera in three acts. 3. "*Das Haus ist zu verkaufen,*" in one act. 4. "*Die Rückfahrt des Kaisers,*" in one act. 5 "*Eloge de l' Amitié,*" cantata with choruses. 6. "*Diana ed Endimione,*" an Italian cantata with orchestra. 7. "*Hélène et Paris,*" ballet. 8. "*Sappho de Mytiléne,*" ditto. 9. "*Le Tableau parlant,*" ditto. 10. "*L' Anneau Magique,*" pantomime, with singing and dances. 11. "*Le Combat Magique,*" ditto.

II. *Church Music.*—1. Mass for 4 voices, with orchestra and organ, in B flat, (Op. 77.) 2. Second Mass in B flat, (Op. 80.) 3. Third Mass, in D, (Op. 111.) 4. Gradual, (*Quodquod in orbe,*) for 4 voices, orchestra and organ, (Op. 88.) 5. Offertory, (*Alma Virgo,*) for soprano solo, chorus, orchestra, and organ, (Op. 89.)

III. *Instrumental Music.*—1. Overture for grand orchestra, in B flat, (Op. 101.) 2. Three string quartets, (Op. 30.) 3. and 4. Grand Serenade, for piano, violin, guitar, clarinet, and bassoon, Nos. I. and II. (Op. 63 and 66.) 5. Grand Septuor, in D minor, for piano, flute, oboe, horn, alto, violoncello, and double bass, (Op. 87.) 7. Grand Military Septuor, in C, for piano, flute, violin, clarinet, trumpet, and double bass, (Op. 114.) 8. Symphony Concertante, for piano and violin, (Op. 17.) 9. Concerto for piano, in C, (Op. 34.) 10. Easy Concerto for piano, in G, (Op. 73.) 11. Third Concerto in A minor, (Op. 85.) 12. Fourth Concerto, in B minor, (Op. 89.) 13. "*Les Adieux,*" Fifth Concerto in E major, (Op. 110.) 14. Sixth Concerto in A flat, (Op. 113.) 15. Brilliant Rondos for piano and orchestra, (Op. 56, 98, and 117.) 16. *Themes Variés* for piano and orchestra, (Op. 97, 115.) 17. "*Le Cor enchanté d' Obéron,*" grand fantasia for piano and orchestra, in E major, (Op. 116.) 18. Trios for piano, violin, and violoncello, (Op. 12, 22, 35, 95, 83, 93, 66.) 19. Sonatas for piano and violin, (Op. 5, 19, 25, 28, 37, 50, 64, 104.) 20. Sonatas for piano with 4 hands, (Op. 43, 92, 99.) 21. Sonatas for piano alone, (Op. 13, 20, 36, 81, 106.) 22. Detached pieces for piano solo, viz.: 3 Fugues, (Op. 7;) Rondos, (Op. 11, 19, 107, 109;) fantasias, (Op. 18, 123, 124;) *Etudes* and *Caprices*, (Op. 49, 67, 105, 125;) Variations, (Op. 1, 2, 8, 9, 40, 57, 118, 119, &c.) 23. Complete Method, theoretic and practical, for the piano.

(The above is taken from Fétis's "*Biographie Universelle des Musiciens.*"

Diogenes' Dictionary of Music.

Chest-voice. A voice which comes from the chest, and which, if properly cultivated, brings a great deal into it. Tenors, possessing chest-voices, with real C's at the end of them, are gradually becoming extinct; and tenors with *voce di testa*, or voices which are detestable, are rising on all sides, to the terror of civilized Europe. The Emperor of Russia used to be the chief speculator in tenors, but America has now come into the market, and threatens to outbid him completely. If the present demand for genuine tenors continues long in America and Russia, their value will become so enormous that England and France will not be able to afford anything more expensive than basses, and an occasional baritone. We believe that the terms on which Mario has been engaged to sing in America are as follows:

1. A salary of 20,000 a year; being twice the amount received by the President of the United States.

2. Half the receipts for three nights in the week, and a clear benefit on the other three nights.

3. Certificates of bronchitis, inflammation of the larynx, and other vocal disorders, to be at his command, whenever he feels indisposed—to appear on the stage.

4. The manager to receive him at the door of the theatre, walking backwards, and holding four wax-candles in each hand.

Chorus. A musical composition written for many voices; also the proprietors of the voices for which the said musical composition is written. The chorus is principally employed in operas for the following purposes:

1. To congratulate the proprietor of a village on his return to his birth-place. Choruses of this description may be said to belong to the "Hail, happy-day" school, and will be found to be written more or less upon the model of the subjoined specimen:

Hail, happy day!
Happy day! Happy day! Happy day!
Hail, happy day!
Let's be gay! Let's be gay! Let's be gay!

2. To celebrate the triumph of a monarch. The raw materials for this species of chorus is, "Long live the King!" to which the *obligato* rhyme is of course "sing."

3. To celebrate the downfall of a monarch—"Down with the Tyrant," &c.)

4. To make a *vivâ voce* declaration of war against the inhabitants of some neighboring kingdom, none of whom are present at the time of the declaration being made. The most remarkable thing about a chorus of this description is, that the singers generally deliver it in the same attitude as that in which they congratulate the proprietor of the village on his return to his birth-place.

At some minor theatres the chorus and ballet consist of the same persons. It has hitherto been impossible for us to find out whether these persons are singers who have not yet learned to dance, or dancers who have not been taught how to sing.

Contralto.—In operas, a woman who has a man's voice; in cathedral choirs, a man who has a woman's.

Cornet—A junior officer in an orchestra,—we beg pardon: we mean a tenor wind instrument in a cavalry regiment.

Critic. A gentleman, or other person, assuming the office of judge, and taking particular delight in summing up against the public, who, in most musical trials, should be allowed to play the part of jury. Critics of music are remarkable for their fondness for technical terms, and are supposed to be great admirers of all musical dictionaries (excepting, of course, the present one.) Some criticisms of music are so full of notes, keys, chords, and modulations, that one might imagine they were written with a clarionet, or the bow of a violin, and that they were intended not to be read, but to be played on the dulcimer, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of musical instruments. It is pretended that the great object of musical critics, in introducing a superfluity of musical expressions, is to render their articles unintelligible to the "general public." It would be sufficient, however, for them to endeavor to write English correctly, in order to attain that desirable object with the greatest certainty. We have seen some criticisms so full of "stringed instruments," "the wood," "the brass," "instruments of percussion," "massive orchestration," "phrases for the oboe," "passages for the *corni di bassetto*," and all sorts of other uninteresting and frequently unmeaning details, that to look at the newspaper which contained them was sufficient to give one the headache. Musical criticisms are generally full of "sound," sometimes of "fury;" always, we may add, "signifying nothing." We have known instances of an English critic finding fault with the accent of an Italian *prima donna*, who had lived nearly all her life in Florence; but in order to be able to perform this feat with any degree of confidence, it is essential that the critic should never have quitted Brixton. The golden rule for criticising music resembles the rule for criticising pictures, as given in the *Vicar of Wakefield:* "Say that the composer would have succeeded better if he had taken more pains with his orchestration, and praise the works of Sebastian Bach.';

The Orchestra—Jullien.

The October number of "Putnam" contains a long and well written article with the above title, to which we would commend the attention of those readers who wish to have some more definite ideas as to the composition and arrangement of a grand orchestra than they are able to get from their own unassisted observation. The writer seizes the opportunity presented by Jullien, who, for the first time in this country, offers to us what can, with strict propriety, be called a "grand orchestra." He says:

When the advertisements speak of a grand orchestra, they are almost invariably devoid of truth. The smallest number of a grand orchestra is sixty, and then the hall wherein they play should not be very large. Eighty and upwards, however, are necessary to the greatest effects. An orchestra of eighty was only heard on three occasions last winter in this city, for the first time in our national history, a smaller number than that having been the limit theretofore. M. Jullien's orchestra, numbering one hundred and two performers, is the largest, therefore, yet heard in this city, or country.

He claims for Jullien the characteristics of a man of mind, having the powers of a leader; and states his purpose in the article under notice to be, to throw out hints, when necessary, as to the real qualifications for lyrical leadership, thus seeking to extend a due appreciation of the intent and spirit of High Art.

He then gives a sketch of the life and adventures of Jullien, with which our readers are sufficiently familiar, and which have been doled out *ad nauseum* in weekly instalments for a long time back to the readers of the *London Musical World*, which seems to exist chiefly as a vehicle for the puffing of Alboni, Jullien, and Albert Smith, though sometimes enriched with articles of much value, and worthy of the rank which it claims to hold as the leading musical paper of London.

After a brief consideration of the great improvements in the fabrication of musical instruments (instancing, by way of example, the Piano Forte, which has undergone *eight hundred* distinct changes of combination, proportion and shape to bring it to its present perfection), the writer passes to an account of the compass, tone and quality of the different human voices, and of the various instruments of the orchestra, illustrating this part of his subject by a table showing the "Extent of Voices and Instruments." He then gives an idea of the *modus operandi* of a composer, in writing an opera, which will be found of very considerable

interest, containing much information which will be new and most acceptable to many persons, and will clear up their ideas on some matters connected with the orchestra, and with the subject of musical composition. This part of the article is illustrated by two pages giving a sample of a full score, being a part of a Grand Symphony in C.

The writer sums up his impressions of Jullien, personally, as follows:

The impressions we have derived from a close consideration of M. Jullien on several occasions is, that he can magnetize and fire an orchestra, and through it an auditory, with a prëeminent degree of force. This truth the vehement, tumultuous, and overwhelming plaudits of the thousands who go six nights a week, rain, or shine, to hear him, irrefragably affirm. In his original compositions which have been performed here he shows himself an unsurpassed master of the art of displaying the properties of each and every intrument, and bringing out of virtuosos their highest qualities. His arrangement of American airs concluding with a description of a battle is the best piece of purely imitative music we have ever heard. It may be safely said that this community did not know the possibilities of a truly grand orchestra until developed by Jullien. Several of his leading solo players have no equals in the world, and the whole body is composed of choice spirits. The accuracy, strength, and splendor of an inspired musical colossus are evolved by the passion, power, and unity of the immense mass which he seems to clutch in his musical hand, and mould at his musical fancy. He is so interesting and arousing the public admiration and love for the beautiful revelations of which he is the arch-apostle, that were he to stay among us a few months he would level the forests and drain the swamps of our musical territory, and so far as the public fiat could assert, he would thenceforward be kept among us to contemplate the large results of his energy, courage, skill and genius.

The article is well worth reading by all amateurs, and we commend it accordingly to their attention.

Allegri's Miserere.

Gregorio Allegri, who appears to have been a dignitary of the Church, being styled the Reverend, was a native of Rome; the precise date of his birth is unknown, but must have taken place either the latter end of the sixteenth century or the beginning of the seventeenth, as he was admitted into the Pope's Chapel in 1629, as a contra tenor. He was of the family of Correggio, the celebrated painter; who also bore the name of Allegri, and received his musical education from the famous Nanini, who was contemporary with Palestrina. His vocal abilities were not of a first-rate order, but he was accounted an admirable master of harmony; joined to this, he bore an excellent character for benevolence;—it is said his door was daily crowded by the poor and needy, who never went unrelieved; besides which, he made a practice of visiting the prisons, in order to bestow his alms on distressed and deserving objects.

Among the compositions of Allegri, (which were chiefly confined to the Church) is the celebrated *Miserere*, performed in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, on the Wednesday and Friday in Passion week, being, for its excellence, reserved for the most solemn occasions. This *Miserere* is composed in five parts, viz, 1st and 2d soprano, alto, tenor and bass, and is written in the key of G minor. In construction it is of great simplicity, and its appearance does not convey any great intelligence of the wonderful impression made by it, when performed in the Pope's Chapel.

The author of a "Tour in Germany," thus relates the manner in which it is performed at Rome, during the solemnities of Lent.

"Allegri's famed *Miserere*, as sung at the Sistine Chapel at Rome, during Easter, justifies the belief that, for purposes of devotion, the unaided human voice is the most impressive of all instruments. If such a choir as that of his Holiness could always be commanded, the organ itself might be dispensed with. This, however, is no fair sample of the powers of vocal sacred music; and those who are most alive to the 'concord of sweet sounds,' forget that, in the mixture of feeling produced by a scene so imposing as the Sistine Chapel presents on such an occasion, it is difficult to attribute to the music only, its own share in the overwhelming effect. The Christian world is in mourning; the throne of the Pontiff, stripped of all its honors, and uncovered of its royal canopy, is degraded to the simple elbow-chair of an aged priest. The Pontiff himself, and the congregated dignitaries of the Church, divested of all earthly pomp, kneel before the cross in the unostentatious garb of their religious orders. As evening sinks, and the tapers are extinguished one after another, at different stages of the service, the fading light falls ever dimmer and dimmer on the reverend figures. The prophets and saints of Michael Angelo look down from the ceiling on the pious worshippers beneath; while the living figures of his Last Judgment, in every variety of infernal suffering, and celestial enjoyment, gradually vanish in the gathering shade, as if the scene of horror had closed forever on the one, and the other had quitted the darkness of earth for a higher world. Is it wonderful that, in such circumstances, such music as that famed *Miserere*, sung by such a choir, should shake the soul even of a Calvinist?"

Although the harmony of this celebrated composition is pure, and (for the time it was written) bearing a considerable share of ingenuity and a peculiar kind of beauty, yet it owes its reputation more to the theatrical manner of performance than to the composition itself. The same music is many times repeated to different words, and the singers have by tradition, certain customs and expressions which produce wonderful effects, such as swelling or diminishing the sounds at some particular words, and singing entire verses quicker than others. Some of the greatest effects produced by this piece, may perhaps be attributed to the time, place, and solemnity of the ceremonies. The Pope and conclave are all prostrated to the ground, the candles of the Chapel and the torches of the balustrades are extinguished one by one, and the last verse of the Psalm is terminated by two choirs, the chapel-master beating time slower and slower, and the singers diminishing the harmony by little and little to a perfect point, followed by a profound silence.

The *Miserere* is the 51st Psalm, whence Allegri has selected part of the 1st, and the whole of the 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 15th, and 18th verses, and concludes with part of the 19th. So sacred was this composition at one time held by the Church, that the penalty of a copy was almost tantamount to excommunication; the thunders of the Vatican being hurled against the miserable wretch who dared to disregard its dictates. Padre Martini states, that there were never more than three copies made by authority; one for the Emperor Leopold, another for the King of Portugal, and the third for himself. Respecting the former, the following anecdote is narrated.

"The Emperor Leopold the First, not only a lover and patron of music, but a good composer himself, ordered his ambassador to Rome, to entreat the Pope to permit him to have a copy of the celebrated *Miserere* of Allegri, for the use of the Imperial Chapel at Vienna; which being granted, a copy was made by the Signor Maestro of the Pope's Chapel and sent to the Emperor, who had then in his service some of the best singers of the age; but notwithstanding the abilities of the performers, the composition was so far from answering the expectations of the Emperor and his Court, in the execution, that he concluded the Pope's *Maestro di Capella*, in order to keep it a mystery, had put a trick upon him, and sent him another composition.

"Upon which, in great wrath, he sent an express to his Holiness, with a complaint against the *Maestro di Capella*, which occasioned his immediate disgrace, and dismissal from the service of the papal chapel; and in so great a degree was the Pope offended at the supposed imposition of his composer, that, for a long time, he would neither see him nor hear his defence; however, at length the poor man got one of the cardinals to plead his cause, and to acquaint his Holiness that the style of singing in his chapel, particularly in performing the *Miserere*, was such as could not be expressed by notes, nor taught or transmitted to any other place but by example; for which reason the piece in question, though faithfully transcribed, must fail in its effect, when performed elsewhere.

"His Holiness did not understand music, and could hardly comprehend how the same notes should sound so differently in different places; however, he ordered his *Maestro di Capella* to write down his defence, in order to send it to Vienna, which was done, and the Emperor, seeing no other way of gratifying his wishes with respect to this composition, begged of the Pope, that some of the musicians in the service of his Holiness might be sent to Vienna to instruct those in the service of his chapel how to perform the *Miserere* of Allegri."

It is well known that the powers of Mozart's memory were truly astonishing, and the manner in which he obtained a copy of the *Miserere* is highly characteristic and amusing.

When in his fourteenth year, Mozart travelled with his father to Rome, and was invited by the Pope to the Quirinal Palace: this happened just before Easter,—while in conversation with his Holiness, he solicited a copy of the *Miserere*, but was refused in consequence of the prohibition. He then asked permission to attend the only rehearsal, to which he listened with the utmost attention. On quitting the Chapel, Mozart spoke not a word, but hastened home and wrote down the notes. At the public performance, he brought his manuscript carefully concealed in his hat, and having filled up some omissions and corrected some errors in the inner parts, had the satisfaction to know that he possessed a complete copy of the treasure thus jealously guarded. When afterwards this manuscript was compared with the one sent by Pope Pius the Sixth to the Emperor of Germany there was not found the difference of a single note.

Although Allegri set many parts of the Church service with divine simplicity and purity of harmony, yet there does not appear to be a single composition of his, save the *Miserere*, which has withstood the ravages of time.* As while he lived he was much beloved, so when he died was he deeply lamented. His death occurred on the 18th of February, 1652, and he was buried in the Chiesa Nuova, before the Chapel of St. Philippo Neri, the place of interment for the singers of the Pontifical Chapel, upon the wall of which is engraved the following epitaph:

CANTORES PONTIFICII
NE QUOS VIVOS,
CONCORS MELODIA
JUNXIT:
MORTUOS CORPORIS,
DISCORS RESOLUTIO
DISSOLVERIT:
HIC UNA CONDI
VOLUERE.
ANNO 1640.

PAGANINI.—It may be recollected that the celebrated violinist Paganini died at Nice about fourteen years ago, and that the bishop refused to allow his remains to be interred in consecrated ground, because he had died without receiving the sacrament. Paganini's executors had the body removed to a private place, and commenced legal proceedings to obtain right of sepulture. The court of Nice having decided against them, they appealed to the Archi-Episcopal court of Genoa, which reversed the sentence of the lower court, and ordered the body to be buried in the cemetery. On this, the court of Nice appealed to the court at Turin, which, however, has confirmed the burial. As a last recourse, the court of Nice has appealed to a tribunal of Judges to be nominated by the Pope.

* Kircher has inserted in his Musurgia, published in 1652, the year in which Allegri died, a quartetto of his composition for two violins, tenor and bass.

Beethoven, according to M. Jullien.

Prevented from enjoying the performances of Monsieur Jullien's orchestra since his second Concert at Castle Garden, we had the good fortune to revive our reminiscences of that almost incomparable band of artists, and their truly incomparable conductor, on Thursday evening, when the whole of the first part of the programme was devoted to the works of Beethoven. M. Jullien showed, in our judgment, a thorough knowledge and nice appreciation of the works of the great epic composer, in the mere selection of the compositions for performance on this occasion. From all that he has left us, no other five works could be chosen better suited to give to a promiscuous audience a comprehensive view of the character of his mighty genius.

Egmont is in every way the finest of his overtures. Its thoughts are intrinsically finer, the treatment of them is bolder, and what is above all, —considering that it is an overture, an introduction to a dramatic performance—it is more dramatic in its character than any other of his compositions. In the whole range of the musical drama there is no more impetuous and fiery passage than the final *presto* of this overture. The entire composition is remarkable for an absence of that self-contemplative spirit which gives character to almost all the works of this composer. It has a few passages unmistakeably his, no matter whose the name under which it might be produced, but except these few, it might have been written by the author of *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon*.

The selection from the 6th symphony, in F, called the Pastoral, presented the audience not only with the best portion of that work, but with the finest of Beethoven's few attempts at descriptive composition. In the second movement of the same symphony,—which is suggestive, not descriptive, in its aim, seeking to awaken emotions kindred to those excited by a walk by the side of a rivulet on a spring day, but not attempting to imitate the flow of water, or the sigh of the breeze, any more than the light of the sun,—in this movement there occur direct imitations of various birds: but this is the very lowest kind of art, and though Beethoven has employed it with signal success and in a manner peculiar to himself, the aim is trivial and the effect unworthy. The *allegro*, which M. Jullien gave us, is one of the most characteristic of those peculiar movements in triple time which Beethoven created and substituted for the Minuet and Trio of the old Symphony and Quartet. It is a quaint and fairly graphic embodiment of the spirit of rustic hilarity. To execute it well, great delicacy of execution is needed and equal nicety and promptness in taking up the parts by the several instruments. It was exquisitely well done under the direction of M. Jullien. The Storm Movement, which puts a sudden stop to the rural festivities, is a marvellous exhibition of profound knowledge of counterpoint and mastery of its resources compelled into the service of portraying the fury of the elements. It is impossible to imitate lightning or rain by music; and though drums furnish a pigmy thunder, wind can be but feebly counterfeited by any or all of the instruments in the orchestra. But Beethoven's storm lacks the effect of neither lightning, rain, wind nor thunder. His composition arouses in us lively reminiscences of the emotions with which we see the heavens riven by fire, and sheets of water sweep over prostrate fields, and hear fitful gusts howl in alternate fury with the bellowings of black browed clouds. The subsiding of the tempest is perhaps yet more graphic; and yet it is needless to say that no storm ever died away in such sweet strains. The music is not imitative, but suggestive; a distinction to which we drew the attention of our readers some years ago, in commenting upon the performance of this same symphony, and again in remarking upon the purely imitative labors which deform Haydn's otherwise noble *Creation*. This storm movement was a remarkable exhibition of skill on the part of the orchestra and control on that of the conductor. The violoncellos and double basses, which have passages not easy of performance and yet very essential, were handled with admirable effect; and the violins bowed like one man. The drums, which in this movement are very important instruments, were admirably played.

The next piece, *Adelaida*, which was sung by Kœnig's cornet, is before all other compositions as an expression of unutterable love and utter wretchedness. It is a grand and incontrovertible assertion of the great school of music, the school of thought, that it can give voice to passion, that it can express the keenest pangs of grief, and with a power that dwindles the efforts of the declamatory writers, how fine so ever they may be in themselves. There is nothing petty about the love or the anguish of *Adelaida*. The passion is heroic; and the art is high art. Not only this—there is a broad and very remarkable distinction between its sentiment and that of the Italian declamatory writers. Its excellence is not only of degree; it is of kind. The beauty of *Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali*—and it is beautiful—multiplied a hundred fold would not be a thought nearer the beauty of *Adelaida*. In the former, and in all the compositions of its school, the passion is not heroic; it is not grand. It is a passion which seeks utterance. It is not all-absorbing; for it can busy itself with thinking about itself, and seek assuagement of its sorrows by pouring them into the ears of others. It delights to be a martyr; and revels in the luxury of its woe. Recall the finale of the second act of *Lucia*, and that of the first act of *La Sonnambula*, and observe that *Edgardo*, in the one, and *Elvino* and *Amina*, in the other, declaim their grief and linger over their own expression of their own sorrows. This sort of passion is very moving in its utterance; but somehow or other, though sometimes for dramatic effect it kills itself, we feel no certainty that, if it were not for the dramatic effect, it could not get safely through its misery, and do it all over again. Not so with the passion of *Adelaida*. In that the cry of grief is *wrung* from the tortured soul. We see the effort made to restrain the utterance of the agony, which breaks forth in strains which express, but do not diminish or assuage a woe which, though utter and hopeless, is not pitiful or even pitiable, and which seeks no sympathy. *Edgardo* kills himself; but he who loved *Adelaida* has no need to put himself to death;—he dies. His heart is cloven by a keener edge than that of steel. He does not put an end to a grief which he is too feeble to bear; he bears it until it puts an end to him. Every strain, every note of *Adelaida* breathes heart-broken anguish. It is a musical picture of a strong soul wrecked and shattered. The melody is a cry which a mighty spirit cannot stifle, and the accompaniment, in itself a marvel of art, throbs and leaps and quivers with the pulse of woeful passion.

We remind our readers that we drew and insisted on this distinction in criticising the performances of Jenny Lind. We found her at first *comparatively* incapable for declamatory effect; but afterward in the great school of music, herself unapproachably great.

A restless discontent, a yearning after he knew not what, is as much the characteristic of Beethoven's music, as a mild and noble melancholy was that of Mozart's, and a glad and hopeful spirit that of Haydn's, and this is not in any of his works more manifest than in the waltz theme which has been well named *Le Desire*. The man who wrote that strain could never be happy, and would never be satisfied. It tells plaintively of an aching void, that will never be filled. It was played very smoothly and expressively, and the variations were very nicely executed; but we had rather they had been left unplayed, and in truth, unwritten. They but fritter away the sentiment of the theme, instead of expanding and varying its expression. That air is not to be varied. Beethoven might have done it; but he didn't.

The greatest of instrumental compositions formed the fitting finale to such a selection. The Symphony in C Minor contains no finer thoughts, perhaps, than are to be found distributed through the other works of its composer; but no one of his instrumental works is equal as a whole to this. People have puzzled themselves to discover what it means. What matter? It meant something to Beethoven, without a doubt, or it would be meaningless to us; but our enjoyment of it depends not on the thought or the fact which moved him to write it, but upon its power to please our sense of beauty, and to suggest to us the same emotions which had possession of his soul when its twin-born marvels of melody and harmony came into existence. We would willingly linger over its varied beauties; varied from grandeur and majestic power to delicacy and tenderness and quaint grotesqueness. But our space fails us; and these are themes upon which we have more than once descanted lovingly. Its greatest movement is the second; greatest in its thoughts, and in their treatment. Perhaps in the whole range of orchestral music there is no such succession of beauties as in this movement. The noble theme announced by the violoncellos; the tender loveliness of the succeeding strains for flutes, oboe, and clarinet, repeated, but with a difference, by the violins; the placid dignity of the second theme, the surprising enharmonic change by which it passes to the trumpets and becomes stately, majestic and awe-moving; the passage by mysterious harmony back into the original key; the repetition of the same strains, the same yet ever varying, again and again, at each recurrence enhanced with some new and unexpected charm; the hurried, impatient passage which breaks the even and dignified progress of the movement; the startling return to the theme and the reproduction of all its beauties with the freshness of novelty and the charm of recognition, make it a nonpareil of musical art. M. Jullien feels it profoundly and comprehends all of its beauties. It was as a whole admirably well given; but in some passages towards the close, in which a charming variation in the effect is produced by the alteration of the time of two notes in a group of four, the point was neglected, to the marring of what would otherwise have been a perfect performence.

The difficult *Scherzo* was well done, except that the horns were too overbearing in the second theme, and that the double bassos, though unusually distinct were not distinct enough in the *Trio*. It is hoping too much perhaps to hope for a better performance of this *Trio*, which in fact is only enjoyed thoroughly by reading it in score after having heard it attempted.

If the final March had not been mutilated and overborne with brass, nothing could have been wished for in its performance. The whole of Monsieur JULLIEN's brass band was here let loose. It was too much. It was more than BEETHOVEN wrote for. The merciless array of trumpets overwhelmed even that large body of strings, and the balance of the instrumentation was destroyed. The ophicleide told well in taking the part of the fabulous contrafagotto of the score; but even here we were reminded continually that its register was an octave too high. The curtailment of the movement by the loss of the first part was decidedly injurious. Those themes should be heard again and again to produce their full effect, and the ear needs long preparation for that furious *presto*. These points excepted the performance was truly splendid. We owe Monsieur JULLIEN much for giving us such music in such a manner. To the credit of our city the house was entirely filled.

We inform a respected correspondent that we have by no means lost sight of Monsieur JULLIEN's humbug, and shall endeavor at the proper time to justify our correspondent's kind expressions and comply with his suggestions. What we have said on this score is mild and gentle in comparison with what we have to say; although we shall speak as we did, in the utmost kindness. But hereafter we shall deal principally with an accomplice of the great conductor, who is both the cause and the occasion of his humbug.—*N. Y. Courier & Inquirer.*

THALBERG'S NEW WORK.—M. Thalberg has published an elaborate compilation of music, entitled "The Art of Singing applied to the pianoforte." It is thus noticed in a London paper:—"Few musical publications furnish ampler text for a lecturer than this. The entire history of arrangements for the Pianoforte of music not written for the Pianoforte might be sketched—also, the rise, progress, and changes in style of *cantabile* playing—with reference to its contents. While turning over these elaborate pages,—while testing the examples that they contain, in which executive steadiness and ingenuity are forced to their extreme boundaries,—we have glanced back to the days when single notes and a figured bass were all that were submitted to the amateur who was called to give some account at his harpischord or pianoforte of the *Concertos* of Corelli—the Overtures of Handel—the Symphonies of Vanhall—or the opera songs of Jomelli, Hasse, and Sacchini. Sound musical knowledge was in those days strictly demanded from players of the first class; but how has the art of prestidigitation (to borrow a word from the conjurors) been since then cultivated! The pianoforte is now expected to represent the *solo* instrument, the vocal concerted piece, the opera chorus, with full orchestra, of its sole self:—nay more, while representing these, it is perpetually required to throw into the bargain some new *arpeggio*, or monster chord, or airy chromatic passage. The habit and the call have, indeed, become matters of every-day occurrence; and here M. Thalberg assembles some of the most arduous specimens of embroidery, and having prefixed a few intelligent remarks on di-

versities of taste and of tone in touch, calls, the work 'The Art of Singing applied to the Piano.' —Such a title suggests retrospect, as has been said, and challenges examination." A long criticism follows, the substance of which is, that M. Thalberg has produced a work, the compositions of which are so overloaded with ornaments and so hemmed in with difficulties, that few besides himself can play them.

ARTISTE. — *Artiste* (as all but *artistes* are aware) is the French for "artist;" and tenth-rate musicians, professors of parlor magic, unappreciated tumblers, etc., have now appropriated the word in a manner which says much for their self-appreciation. Writers, many of whom have exhibited a tolerable amount of art, never call themselves artists. The class of persons who in England have hitherto been generally known by the name of artists, are beginning to get ashamed of the word, and to call themselves painters illustrators, caricaturists, lithographic draughtsmen, or by any title which may indicate the especial branch of art which they cultivate. Singers, such as Viardot, continue to call themselves singers. Dancers, such as Taglioni, will always call themselves dancers.—Thalberg is a pianist; Ernst, a violinist. But Tomkins, of the Casino band, Miss Gherkins, who was hissed at the Surrey Music Hall, Squalinalto, who was tenor ("in the chorus," *understood*) at the *Scala*, etc., etc., all insist upon being called *artistes*. An *artiste* is the name of a person who lives upon Art while destroying it, like a blight upon a flower.—*Diogenes*.

Translated for this Journal.

The Bell Casting at Breslau.

Once dwelt there a Bell-caster
In Breslau's city fair,
In his craft an honored Master,
Of skill and counsel rare.

From churches and from chapels
In the city all around,
The praise of God is ringing
From his bells, with solemn sound.

The bells all round are ringing
So loud and full and clear,
Of Faith and Love seem singing,
So sweet their tones appear.

But of all the Master's labors,
The glory and the crown
Is called "The Bell of Sinners,"
At Breslau, in the town.

In the tower of St. Magdelen's
This master work doth hang,
And speaks to many a sinner
Of God in its solemn clang.

How doth the worthy Master
With care the work attend!
Both day and night he labors
Until the work shall end.

And now the time drew near;
The mould already stood,
And, bubbling in the furnace,
Was the metal hot and good.

Then to his side the Master
A stripling fair doth call,
"Watch thou beside the furnace,
Watch thou—alone—of all;

"For I before the casting
My strength with wine will cheer,
For now the molten metal
Will flow both full and clear.

"Take heed how on the flood gate
Thou even lay thy hand;
Thy life shall be the forfeit,
I swear it, as I stand!"

The boy stands by the cauldron,
Into its depths looks he
On the metal, foaming, boiling,
And raging to be free.

In his ears is a gentle whisper
Doth lure him to draw near
And but to place his finger
On the gate—with curious fear.

Now in his hand he grasps it—
And now the gate doth turn—
Then grows he anxious, fearful,
Nor knows what he hath done.

Swift runs he to the Master
And will his guilt unfold;
For pardon now he prayeth,
And fast his knees doth hold.

Scarce had the Master listened
To what the boy did say,
When sudden madness seized him
And held him in its sway.

His dagger keen he plungeth
Deep in the stripling's breast;
Swift to the furnace runneth,
In mad, unconscious haste:

Perchance he yet may hinder
The stream of fiery glow.
But lo! the casting's ended!
No drop doth downward flow.

Now quick the Master hastens
To break the mould of sand,
Sees, without spot or blemish,
The Bell before him stand!

On the ground the boy is lying
And the work sees nevermore.
Ah! Master, cruel Master,
But thou did'st smite him sore!

Before the pitying Judges
The Master Founder stands—
His bloody crime confesses—
They bind his murderous hands.

But none may save the Master,
Blood must for blood atone,
And calmly now he heareth
The words of fearful doom.

And now his days are ended;
The Master forth is led,
And hears the solemn Masses
That are chanted for the dead.

"I thank ye," said the Master,
"Oh friends most dear and true,
And yet, one little favor
My heart would beg of you:

"I would I once might listen
To the tolling of my Bell—
With care the mould I fashioned,
I would know if all is well."

His dying wish is granted;
And solemnly and slow
The Sinner's Bell is tolling
As he to death doth go.

He hears the Bell's sweet ringing,
So full and clear and slow,
And as he hears it ringing
His eyes with tears o'erflow.

His look grows glad and cheerful,
For with every stroke that rang
The Bell did tell of Heaven
With mournful, solemn clang.

His head he meekly bendeth
To the headsman's glittering knife,
Through the Gates of Death he passeth
To the promised Better Life.

Of all the Master's labors,
The glory and the crown
Still hangs there in St. Magdalen's,
At Breslau, in the town.

'Tis called "The Bell of Sinners,"
And for the passing soul
From that time forth forever
With solemn sound doth toll.

W. MULLER.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 15, 1853.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Jullien and his Orchestra.

NEW YORK, October 8, 1853.

Last evening we heard for the first time the great orchestra of Jullien. It was his "eleventh concert at Metropolitan Hall, and *thirty-fifth* in New York," and the crowd and the enthusiasm showed that the charm still worked. The programme was characteristic, but not one of Jullien's best, not like that of the night before, when he gave one of his "Beethoven nights," which we should prefer to hear before undertaking to fathom the depths of the great Jullien's musicianship as an appreciator and conductor and interpreter of the greatest kind of music. The critic of the *Courier and Enquirer*, however, speaks of that both intelligently and eulogistically this morning. Our *locum tenens* will please copy. But such an orchestra and such conductorship, with such solo-playing on all sorts of instruments, is certain to delight one the first time, even if there be nothing great or classic in the programme; and after all, it did contain some fine and many clever things. It was undoubtedly a fair specimen of Jullien in his speciality. There was something imposing in the mere assemblage of an orchestra of a hundred persons, embracing so many celebrated virtuosos, the best on their several instruments that Europe could afford, on a stage brilliantly decorated and in that brilliant hall; and when the magician (whose outward man has been abundantly described) rose from his throne, and carefully surveying all his forces, raised his wand, it was plain that the best understanding and best feeling existed between him and all his artists.

The overture was *Semiramide*, one of Rossini's best, and rather seldom heard among us. What a rich and pure sonority in the full, loud chords! The power and blended quality of tone of that great orchestra exceeded all that we had ever heard. There were no uncertain, characterless, or noisily obtrusive sounds; it was one rich, vital tone, a harmony in the best sense of many pure, effective, justly related individual tones. The ear and mind rejoiced throughout the evening in this satisfactory and vital fulness of the *tutti*. The quartet of the horns was played deliciously sweet and crisp. The witching little theme of the violins, starting with those light and quick reiterations of the first note, was given with elastic delicacy and precision by the broad mass of strings, and the *crescendos* and *diminuendos* and *retardandos*, and other points of expression were caught with sympathetic unity and certainty from the expressive baton and gesture of the conductor. We never heard an overture made so brilliantly effective; every point of melody, of rhythm, of harmony, of instrumental coloring, of light and shade, was boldly, delicately, happily brought out. We recognized the truth of what is often said of the expressive indications of Jullien's baton, it seems spontaneously to trace the outline of each melodic figure in the air; were it a lighted stick and moving in the dark, we might almost *see* the music. Nor was it possible to doubt that there had been consummate judgment and tact in the selecting,

combining, training and tempering the instruments that made up that orchestra. Every instrument seemed a distinct and living individuality, whether emerging into the foreground with a solo passage, or kept back in the humbler function of mere common chord accompaniment; there was no mere unindividualized mass of sound in any portion of the band.

There was one brief specimen from Beethoven, the graceful Allegretto from the eighth symphony, which we have enjoyed quite as well at the hands of the "Germanians," since it does not depend for its effect on a great orchestra; but it was genially, tastefully and lovingly, as well as accurately rendered.

As for the dance pieces, in which lie Jullien's forte and popularity, we could not but enjoy them also, for some time, because of the wonderful mastery of instrumental *effects* displayed in them; although there is little in such music that survives apart from these effects of varied and contrasted instrumentation; reduce it to a piano-forte arrangement, and it is nothing; whereas a solid work of Beethoven, for instance, a composition with ideas and inspiration in it, will convey the magnetism of its character through a mere outline, as the great paintings do through good engravings. Yet as Jullien gives them, with all his orchestral resources, they are among the most brilliant and individual novelties in music. It is in these too that he displays the character and as it were draws the peculiar soul out of each solo instrument. His famous "American" Yankee-Doodle battle quadrille is certainly a wonderful exhibition of instrumental *effects*, both solo and combined. Its twenty solos, by such artists as Koenig, whose cornet is truly said to *sing*, Hughes on the ophiclide, the hard, round, solid tones of which, such as we never heard before, are grandly expressive in their way, Lavigne and Wuille, with their exquisite oboe and clarinet, were a new revelation of the best modern skill in instruments. Nor was this all; the contrapuntist's art came much in play, especially in the wonderfully imitative effects of the battle, as well as the deep boom of the "monster drum," which in so grand a combination supplies a necessary craving of the ear. There was a new polka, of Jullien's, called the "Katydid," suggestive of summer evenings at Castle Garden, in which the insect's *tick* is imitated by a machine devised by Jullien for the purpose; a humorous and graceful affair it was, to be sure. But all mere brilliancy, all mere effect will cease to satisfy, because it astonishes but does not inspire you; and so we found our senses dull and mind fatigued before the long list of quadrille, waltz and polka fireworks was exhausted.

That Jullien is a masterly conductor, a scientific, classically trained musician (for he had Cherubini for a master), a shrewd observer of men and feeler of the public pulse, a man of wonderful vivacity of temperament, alive to all outward impressions, and with much inventive faculty to render them in music, we cannot doubt. That he is a reverent and sympathetic interpreter too of the great and true tone-poets, we are assured, and saw *some* proof of it last evening. But of his power to create and originate great music, we must say the "grand operatic selection and fantasia from his *Pietro il Grande*," left us unconvinced. There was no lack of a musician's skill and knowledge; but it did lack (to us at least) the stamp of inspiration, the charm of individual ideas; there was form without vitality; there was repetition and prolongation of common-place cadences, as if to secure new chances of reaching what he had vainly tried to reach. But Jullien is a creator in one sense; he is the creator of perhaps the world's finest orchestra; and is that not glory enough for one man? Consider whether it does not mark a man of decided character and large grasp of thought.

Mlle. Anna Zerr seems to be an unsympathetic, uninspiring singer, having high soprano notes of rare beauty in themselves, with three or four *extra* high notes, fitting her for the songs of the Queen of the Night, in the *Zauberflöte*. Her rendering of Mozart's divine melody: *Deh vieni non tardar*, a melody which only Jenny Lind has sung in all its pure height of heavenly simplicity, and which even Sontag injured by false but graceful ornament, was, to us, almost an act of musical sacrilege. All simplicity and and purity of melody, the vital characteristics of that song, were gone: it was loaded with embellishments and trills and the most unmeaning, common-place cadenzas of Italian opera. Her "I've been roaming," won an encore from a portion of the audience. We feel unwilling, however, to pronounce any judgment from a single hearing on a singer of such note and of no inconsiderable reputation, and trusting we have not heard the best of Anna Zerr, shall wait till we hear her in Boston.

There were some admirable instrumental solos, of which we have not time now to speak.

Ten Years Ago.

We present below, as an interesting reminiscence of the days of our ignorance, an extract from the leading editorial article of the first number of a musical periodical started in this city in 1842 by Messrs. George J. Webb and T. B. Hayward. It is difficult to realize that so great a change can have been wrought in the musical taste and knowledge of our people as is shown by contrasting this article with that contained in the number of our *Journal of Music* for April 30, 1853 (Vol 3, No. 4), in which we gave a list, as full and complete as we could, of the classical music which had been performed in Boston, during the past winter; and, did not our own memory bear out the assertions of the article from which we quote, we should almost disbelieve the story that it tells. Familiar now, as every concert goer among us is, with *all* the Symphonies of Beethoven, with many of those of Haydn and Mozart, to say nothing of those of Mendelssohn and of modern living composers; familiar with the principal Italian operas now on the stage; with classical chamber music of the highest order; having heard within a few years past many of the most distinguished singers of the day, Jenny Lind, Alboni, Sontag, and a host of others of less celebrity; having listened to the brilliant efforts of the most famous instrumental performers, so that all these matters are familiar to us as household words, we can scarcely appreciate the wonderful change that has come over the musical public in what seems to be so short a period.

We ask our readers to compare the following statements with those contained in the number of our *Journal* alluded to.

We speak, and justly, with the highest admiration, of Handel, Haydn and Mozart; and we have a very few of their compositions in this country, which some of our societies perform in a manner that does themselves credit.

But the few pieces that we have, are very little spread in this country; and these masters are generally regarded but as men of yesterday; whereas they lived and wrote and died, before most of the present generation were born. Their works are also very voluminous, and it is hardly probable that the twentieth part of them ever reached our shores. Of that species of musical composition, of which Haydn was the inventor, for which he is most celebrated, and on which rests his fame as a composer and a man of genius more than on anything else, viz:, the *Symphony*, properly so called, the public performance has been attempted in this country in but few instances. Now the voluminous works of these men, to say nothing of numberless others, have been before the public in Europe from fifty to a hundred years, and in the way of frequent performance in hundreds of places; and it may well be imagined what must be the effect on the public taste. Fifty years ago, the musical world of Europe was listening to and enjoying the works of these great masters; while the musical public of Boston was luxuriating upon the productions of—Billings and Holden; and strange to say, we even now have among us men, who still prefer the latter. The *Quartet*, for two *violins*, a *viola* and *violoncello*, with which it is so common for amateurs to entertain themselves in a private way in Europe, is rarely attempted here, unless it be by a small club of foreigners; nay, it is almost unknown in this country.

Of Oratorios, very few, probably not more than a half dozen, have ever been performed in this country; and these with little or no success, except in two or three places. Nor is it yet twenty-five years since the first attempt to give a regular Oratorio was made. Now of this species of composition there are probably several hundreds in existence, many of which are regarded as standard works, and parts of still more are considered as furnishing the most valuable selections for public performance, that can be made. Handel alone has bequeathed to the world about twenty.

It is not twenty years since the first successful attempt at the representation of the Italian opera was realized; and this it has been found impossible to sustain. In Boston it was never attempted. The only operas which we have had here are what are called English Operas, of which we have seen but four or five, and Ballad Operas, which have been somewhat more numerous. In Europe, great numbers of new operas are brought out every year; and the accumulated mass would amount to thousands. It is true, most of them enjoy but an ephemeral existence; few of them lasting more than two or three years. But many of them contain songs, or other movements, which are so valuable as to be published separately, and share a high and a lasting popularity.

There are several whole species of musical composition, which are as yet scarcely known at all in this country. Two of these, the *Symphony* and the *Quartet*, both of which are instrumental, have been already mentioned. Others still might be added; but it would carry us beyond our purpose to enumerate them here.

Of vocal music, too, there are many kinds, as the *Cantata*, the *Serenata*, of which we have but few specimens; and several, of which we have none. Indeed, most of the vocal music in this country, except psalm tunes, is almost wholly confined to the large cities. The more common kinds, such as Songs, Ducts, Trios, Glees, Madrigals, &c., are but little circulated in the country; and indeed our whole stock of these is very limited.

Of the immense mass of standard instrumental music, whether for the piano, the organ, or for single wind and string instruments, we have an equally limited proportion.

To supply some of these deficiencies, particularly those enumerated in our Prospectus, by establishing a work which shall serve as a regular periodical organ of circulating as widely as possible a choice selection from these treasures of art, is the design of the present undertaking. It rests with the public to determine whether such a work is worthy of their support.

Mr. Webb, the editor of the periodical from which this extract is made, is entitled, not a little, to the credit of having brought about this change, As conductor of the various Oratorio Societies in Boston and of the "Boston Academy of Music," and of the "Musical Fund Society," he has exerted a most useful influence on the development and progress of a high musical taste among us.

MRS. SEGUIN.—We mentioned, more than a year ago, that Mrs. Seguin intended to expand her private classes in vocal music, into a more public institution—an Academy of Music—wherein the most advanced and thorough instruction in the art, might be imparted to a large number. The lamented death of Mr. Seguin, interrupted the formation of her plans; but her intention has never been abandoned, and she is now engaged in the preliminary steps for founding the proposed institution. Mrs. Seguin is especially adapted to be at the head of such an academy. She has not only the advantage of being herself a mistress of the vocal art, but she received her own musical education in the "Royal Academy of Music," of London, which is an institution precisely similar to that which Mrs. Seguin designs to establish. She is, therefore, already familiar with the practical working of musical academies. We heartily wish her most abundant success in her enterprise. Mrs. Seguin has received great encouragement from home and foreign musicians, who feel that an academy for the complete mastery of vocal music, is a real desideratum among us. Mr. Benedict, the eminent composer and leader, of London, who is well known here in connection with the concert tour of Jenny Lind, writes to Mrs. Seguin, as follows:—

"2 *Manchester Square, London, 20th Jan.*, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. SEGUIN,—I have heard with the greatest concern, the news of your sad bereavement. Every one who knew your excellent husband, must feel your terrible, irreparable loss; and none better than myself—tried in the school of Misfortunes and domestic calamities—can appreciate the whole extent of your sorrows. But you have still holy duties to fulfil, and I hope you will persist in your former plan of forming a Singing Academy. Your great experience in both the classical and modern styles, your perfect taste, your high musical acquirements, hold out the certainty, that you must succeed in a country where talent, united to an unimpeachable moral character, can never fail to enlist the sympathies of all. With the best wishes for yourself and family, believe me, Always yours, very truly,

JULES BENEDICT."

We shall soon be able to give further particulars of Mrs. Seguin's plan. Meanwhile, we commend it and her to the consideration and confidence of the musical public.—*Home Journal.*

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY begin their concerts on Saturday next, at the Boston Music Hall, and in spite of the attractions presented by Jullien's monster orchestra, will be most cordially welcomed back to Boston, by their numerous friends, and *fellow citizens*, as they may fairly call themselves, having taken steps to become citizens of the United States. The Germania Society has been for some years our *beau ideal* of a well trained orchestra, and with the largely increased number of members that will compose the Society this winter, we do not fear that their performances can suffer by any comparisons. We are informed that Mlle. CAROLINE PINTARD, from Paris, will appear at these concerts as vocalist. She is said to have a fine contralto voice and to be an accomplished singer, and beside all this, to have no ordinary personal attractions. Subscription tickets will now be delivered by Mr. Bandt, the agent, at Wade's Music Store.

OLE BULL'S CONCERT on Friday of last week was very well attended, by an enthusiastic audience. We were not able to be present at this concert, but would remind our readers that his next and *last* Farewell Concert will take place this (Saturday) evening at the Music Hall. The programme will be found in another column.

The Concert of the new Quartet Club, to be given tonight in the Tremont Temple, presents great attractions. It will be the first opportunity we have had of hearing a concert in the new hall, as well as the first performance of the new Club. Hummel's celebrated Septuor in D minor will be performed and will be the chief attraction of the programme. The subscribers are assured that the subscription concerts to be given by this Club will be in no way inferior to this one. If the performance should be equal to the promise, we may surely expect a very delightful series of concerts.

THE MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY (the new Oratorio Society) commenced their Rehearsals on Monday evening last. Although the evening was quite rainy and unpleasant, the choir numbered 130 voices, the parts being about equal. Mr. Bergmann, of the Germania Musical Society, has been selected as Conductor for the season; but, as he had not arrived in the city, at the request of the President of the Society, Mr. George J. Webb conducted this Rehearsal. The "Messiah" was taken up, preparatory to its performance on Christmas evening.

Immediately after the choice of officers, a few weeks since, Mr. Webb was unanimously elected an honorary member of this Society, a well deserved compliment, coming from those who have been formerly under his instruction and who appreciate his exertions and sacrifices in the cause of the advancement of vocal music in this community.

Advertisements.

Edward L. Balch, Letter-Press, Music and Job Printing-Office, No. 21 School St.